

DEC 30 1938

# CARNEGIE

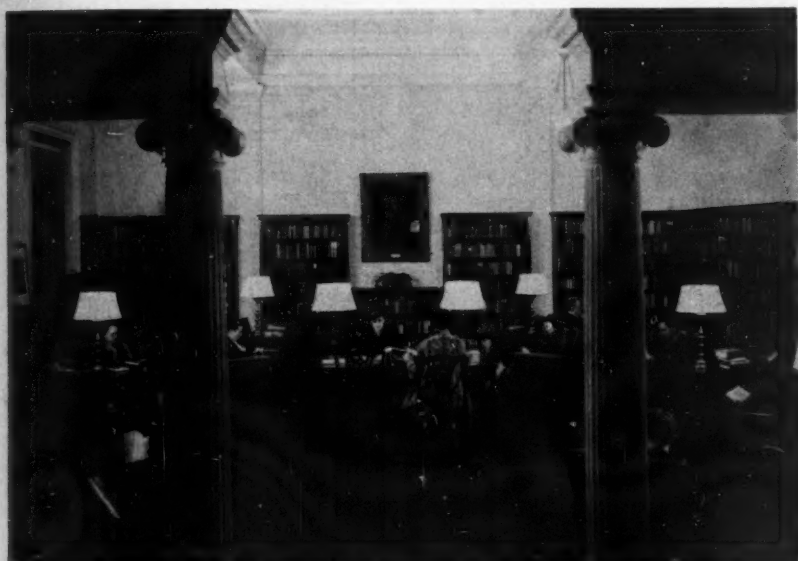
## MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XII PITTSBURGH, PA., DECEMBER, 1938 NUMBER 7



THE DAVID LINDSAY GILLESPIE READING ROOM

IN THE LENDING DEPARTMENT OF THE MAIN LIBRARY

Given in Memory of Mr. Gillespie by  
Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and Miss Mabel Lindsay Gillespie

*(See Page 200 and the Garden of Gold)*

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XII NUMBER 7

DECEMBER, 1938

Be advis'd;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running.

—HENRY VIII

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From October to July. Every Saturday evening at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock.

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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### THE ANDREW W. MELLON HIGH SCHOOL

The students of the Mount Lebanon public schools, at Pittsburgh, have voted to name their new high school for the late Andrew W. Mellon, and the school board has voted its approval of their wish. These youthful citizens have shown a commendable judgment in making their choice for they have proved their capacity to push aside the prejudice and detraction with which political rancor had attacked Mr. Mellon's name in the last years of his life, and to recognize in him the highest qualities of the great citizen and the pure statesman. Mr. Mellon was appointed Secretary of the Treasury soon after the end of the World War, when the country was burdened with a debt of \$27,000,000,000; and such was his knowledge of affairs, that while providing adequate funds from national income for the administration of the government, he likewise reduced this debt by an average payment of \$1,000,000,000 a year throughout the eleven years of his service in that office. When he left Washington to go to London as American Ambassador to Great Britain, the national debt was only \$16,000,000,000, and he had won his reputation as the greatest financier of his time. Since then, by contrast, when there has been no war, the national debt is \$48,000,000,000.

#### HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC

A novel and interesting addition to musical education at Pittsburgh is the course of lectures in Carnegie Music Hall on Tuesday afternoons, on the part played by each of the groups of instruments composing the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. When, for example, we listen to that enchanting nocturne from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," do we know that it is the French horns that bring out the lovely melody of that composition? John Erskine takes up each section of the piece that is being played and tells us how the composer reaches his effects; then Fritz Reiner, the conductor, has the passage played by that particular section of the instruments, after which Mr. Reiner brings the full orchestra into action, and we get a new comprehension of how it is done. In this way we are learning how to listen to music with an understanding of its harmony, and counterpoint, and thorough bass, that were strangers to our intelligence before.

#### A SATISFIED READER

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE continues to be the only Pittsburgh publication with a thoughtfully objective viewpoint. It also remains, at least to me, the most interesting periodical published here. My only wish for change is that the Magazine might become larger while retaining its present flavor.

That flavor, wholly inimitable, is a compound of scholarship, worldly knowledge, and a sense of humor.

—HARRISON GILMER

# THE BELLS OF DUNFERMLINE

*Presentation of a Set of Chimes to Dunfermline Abbey in  
Memory of Andrew Carnegie*

IN the summer of 1881 Andrew Carnegie came to Dunfermline with his mother and a party of friends on a coaching trip from Brighton to Inverness, covering 831 miles from June 17 to August 3, and reaching Dunfermline on July 27. He was to be the honored guest of his native city in dedicating the first of the three thousand Carnegie libraries throughout the world. Mr. Carnegie tells the story of this visit in his book, "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," as follows:

"Put all the fifty days of our journey together, and we would have exchanged them all for rainy ones if we could have been assured a bright day for this occasion. It came, a magnificent day. The sun shone forth as if glad to shine upon this the most memorable day of my mother's life or of mine, as far as day can be rendered memorable by the action of our fellow men. We left Edinburgh and reached Queensferry in time for the noon boat . . . Truly it was a morning in which Nature's jewels sparkled at their best. Upon reaching the north shore, we were warmly greeted by Uncle and Aunt, and Maggie and Annie. It was decided better not to risk luncheon in the ruins of Rosyth Castle, as we had intended, the grass being reported damp from recent rains. We accordingly drove to the inn, but we were met at the door by the good landlady, who, with uplifted hands, exclaimed: 'I'm a' alane! There's naeboddy in the house! They're a' awa' to Dunfermline! There'll be great goings on there the day.'

" . . . I had cause for grave alarm, for I felt that if Dunfermline had determined to give us a public reception there was no saying to what lengths they might go.

" . . . When the top of Ferry Hills

was reached we saw the town, all as dead as if the holy Sabbath lay upon it, without one evidence of life. How beautiful is Dunfermline seen from the Ferry Hills, its grand old abbey towering over all, seeming to hallow the city and to lend a charm and dignity to the lowliest tenement. Nor is there in all broad Scotland, nor in many places elsewhere, that I know of, a more varied and delightful view than that obtained from the park upon a fine day. What Benares is to the Hindoo, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Jerusalem to the Christian, all that Dunfermline is to me.

"But here I must stop. If you want to learn how impulsive and enthusiastic the Scotch are when once aroused, how dark and stern and true is the North, and yet how fervid and overwhelming in its love when the blood is up, I do not know where you will find a better evidence of it than in what followed. See how a small spark kindled so great a flame. The Queen Dowager [his mother] and I are still somewhat shamefaced about it, but somehow or other we managed to go through with our parts without breaking down.

"The Queen Dowager had been chosen to lay the Memorial Stone of the Free Library, and the enthusiasm of the people was aroused by her approach. There was something of the fairy tale in the fact that she had left her native town, poor, thirty odd years before, with her loved ones, to found a new home in the great Republic, and was today returning in her coach, to be allowed the privilege of linking her name with the annals of her beloved native town in one of the most enduring forms possible; for whatever agencies for good may rise or fall in the future, it seems certain that the Free Library is destined to stand and become a never



BIRTHPLACE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE, MOODIE STREET, DUNFERMLINE

ceasing foundation of good to all the inhabitants. Well, the future historian of that ancient town will record that on this day, under bright sunshine, and amidst the plaudits of assembled thousands, the Queen Dowager laid the Memorial Stone of the building, an honor, compared with which, I was charged to tell the citizens, in the Queen Dowager's estimation, Queen Victoria has nothing in her power to bestow. The ceremonies passed off triumphantly. The procession, workmen and address, banquet, and all the rest of it may be summed up in the remark of the Dunfermline press: 'The demonstration may be said to be unparalleled in the history of Dunfermline.'

"I will not be tempted to say anything further about this unexpected upheaval except this: after we had stopped and saluted the Stars and Stripes, displayed upon the Abbey Tower in graceful compliment to my American friends, we passed through the archway to the Bartizan, and at this moment came the shock of all that day to me. I was standing on the front seat of the coach with Provost Walls when I heard the first toll of the abbey bell.

My knees sank from under me, the tears came rushing before I knew it, and I turned round to tell the Provost that I must give in. For a moment I felt as if I were about to faint. Fortunately I saw that there was no crowd before us for a little distance. I had time to regain control, and biting my lips till they actually bled, I murmured to myself, 'No matter, keep cool, you must go on!' but never can there come to my ears on earth, nor enter so deep into my soul, a sound that shall haunt and subdue me with its sweet, gracious, melting power like that.

"By that curfew bell I had been laid in my little couch to sleep the sleep of childish innocence. Father and Mother, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, had told me, as they bent lovingly over me night after night, what that bell said as it tolled. Many good words has that bell spoken to me through their translations. No wrong thing did I do through the day which that voice from all I knew of heaven and the great Father there did not tell me kindly about ere I sank to sleep, speaking the very words so plainly that I knew that the power that moved it had seen all

and was not angry, never angry, never, but so very, very sorry. Nor is that bell dumb to me today when I hear its voice. It still has its message, and now it sounded to welcome back the exiled mother and son under its precious care again.

"Rousseau wished to die to the strains of sweet music. Could I choose my accompaniment, I could wish to pass into the dim beyond with the tolling of the abbey bell sounding in my ears, telling me of the race that had been run, and calling me, as it had called the little white-haired child, for the last time—to sleep."

Time passed, and the people of Dunfermline, knowing how Andrew Carnegie had loved the old bell and how much he had cherished the memory of its sound until his death, gathered a sum of money together and gave a new chime of bells to Dunfermline Abbey in his honor. The dedication took place on the nineteenth of September, 1938, in the presence of Mrs. Carnegie. The dignity and beauty of the occasion are easily evident in the reading of the service, which must have been intensely moving to witness.

The order of service began with the singing of the sixty-second psalm, and continued with the opening prayer.

REV. ROBERT DOLLAR: Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Let us pray.

Blessed Father, eternal God, who hast promised that in every place where Thou dost record Thy name Thou wilt meet Thy people to bless them, come now, according to Thy promise, unto us, who, standing before Thee in fear and awe, do bring unto Thee our gifts and do dedicate them wholly to Thy service and worship.

Blessed Lord Jesus Christ, who didst honor and adorn with Thy presence the Feast of the Dedication of the Temple; be present also at the dedication of these our gifts unto Thee, and accept and prosper the work of our hands: through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Then the Scripture Lessons were read, first from Ecclesiasticus, chapter 44:

Let us now praise famous men,  
And our fathers that begot us.  
The Lord hath wrought great glory by them  
Through his great power from the beginning.

\* \* \* \*

All these were honored in their generations,  
And were the glory of their times.  
There be of them, that have left a name behind  
them,

That their praises might be reported.  
And some there be, which have no memorial;  
Who are perished, as though they had never  
been;

And are become as though they had never been  
born;

And their children after them.  
But these were merciful men,  
Whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.  
With their seed shall continually remain a good  
inheritance,

And their children are within the covenant.  
Their seed standeth fast,  
And their children for their sakes.  
Their seed shall remain forever,  
And their glory shall not be blotted out.  
Their bodies are buried in peace;  
But their name liveth for evermore.  
The people will tell of their wisdom,  
And the congregation will show forth their  
praise.

And then from I Thessalonians, chapter 4, verses 13 to 18:

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

After an address by James Hoggan, the Provost of Dunfermline, the congregation sang "Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling," and after that Mrs. Carnegie, the Reverend Robert Dollar, and the Provost took their places at the commemorative tablet.





DUNFERMLINE ABBEY

... is the tomb of Scottish royalty. Robert Bruce's heart rests in Melrose, but his bones lie here. A tomb of St. Margaret and Malcolm Canmore, formerly within the ruined walls of the Lady Chapel, was restored at the command of Queen Victoria. Only the nave of the old church was left after an attack by the Reformers in 1560, but its simple and beautiful Norman style, with the massive door in the west front, forms the vestibule for the new church built in 1821.

PROVOST: Reverend Sir, these bells, gifted by the citizens of Dunfermline, have been placed in this ancient House of God, to the memory of Andrew Carnegie, and I now request you to dedicate them to the glory and praise of God.

REVEREND DOLLAR: In the faith of Jesus Christ we dedicate these bells to the glory of God, and to be a Memorial of His servant Andrew Carnegie, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

PROVOST: Mrs. Carnegie, in the name of the citizens of Dunfermline, I request you to unveil this commemorative tablet, and to inaugurate the pealing of the bells.

MRS. CARNEGIE: As the Abbey Bells spoke to the little Dunfermline laddie a century ago, and were like the voice of

God to him, so may this beautiful and most fitting memorial, erected by the people of his native town as a tribute to him, continue to chime forth its message of harmony and goodwill to countless generations.

After the first chime on the bells was played, the following prayers were said:

Almighty God, we give Thee hearty thanks that Thou hast permitted us to see the completion of this work for Thy glory and in memory of Thy servant. May these bells be as voices speaking unto us of him, ever calling forth our grateful remembrance.

Grant, we beseech Thee, that whosoever shall be called by the sound of these bells to Thy house of prayer may enter into Thy gates with thanksgiving, and into Thy courts with praise: and finally may sing the song of the Lamb in Thy house not made with hands,

eternal in the heavens: through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Grant, O Lord, that whosoever shall by reason of sickness or other necessity be hindered from coming into the house of the Lord, may by these bells be reminded of the prayers and intercessions of Thy Church and rejoice in the communion of Saints: through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Grant, O Lord, that they who with their outward ears shall in their daily calling hear the sound of these bells, may be stirred inwardly in their hearts, and be drawn nearer in spirit unto Thee, the God of their salvation: through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Grant, O Lord, that all they, for whose passing away from this world these bells shall sound, may be received into the Paradise of Thine elect, and find grace, light, and everlasting rest: through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Thou before whose face the generations rise and pass away, we thank Thee for all those whom death has taken from us and who, resting from their labors, have gone home to Thy nearer presence. Unite us still, God of our souls, in one household of faith and love, one family in heaven and upon earth, and grant that at the last we may be partakers with them of Thine eternal Kingdom. Especially at this time we bless Thy name for Thy servant whom we commemorate this day before Thee, thanking Thee for the gifts with which Thou didst endow him, and for the service Thou didst enable him to render unto Thee and his fellow men. Grant, we beseech Thee, that all the good we have seen and felt in him may continue to inspire and guide us for the zeal of Thy house and the well-being of humanity.

Now unto the King, Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only Wise God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The inscription in raised cast letters on the bass bell, note F sharp, on which

are struck the hours runs thus: "These bells were provided by public subscription to commemorate the Centenary of the Birth on 25th November 1835 of Andrew Carnegie, L.L.D., a distinguished son and generous benefactor of the City of Dunfermline." The other bells, nine in number in the diatonic scale, have the monogram A.C. incised on them. Made at Croydon, London, where so many other famous bells and carillons have been cast and toned, the bells are supported in a heavy steel frame and are operated entirely by electricity. A bronze plate fixed above the entrance to the Belfry stairs bears the following inscription: "The chime of bells in this tower was provided by the people of Dunfermline to commemorate the Centenary of the Birth of Andrew Carnegie."

## CHRISTMAS MUSIC IN CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL

CHRISTMAS songs, traditional in America and in other lands, will be sung by a number of choirs and choruses of the Pittsburgh district in Carnegie Music Hall on Sunday afternoon, December 18, at 4 o'clock. This program, the second of its kind to be given in connection with the regular free Sunday afternoon organ recitals, will be under the auspices of the International Institute in co-operation with the Carnegie Institute. Marshall Bidwell, Director of Music and Organist at the Carnegie Institute, has planned an interesting special feature for this year: the singing of Adam's "O, Holy Night" by all the organized choirs present.

Last year sixteen choral units, representing fourteen national traditions, participated, bringing a total of one hundred and fifty singers, most of whom were either in vestments or in costume. Carnegie Music Hall was filled with enthusiastic auditors, all of whom joined in the singing of the more familiar carols, under Dr. Bidwell's direction.

## "WHAT DO YOU READ, MY LORD?"

BY RALPH MUNN

*Director, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh*

I COULD never study in here; it is so pretty and comfortable I'd settle down and read just for the fun of it." The high-school girl who made this comment upon her first visit to the new David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room unknowingly reflected the real aim of the room—to promote the reading of good books "just for the fun of it."

With its specialized reference departments and Business Branch, Carnegie Library is a highly serious and purposeful institution. Most of the book fund and much of the energy of the staff are directed toward meeting the insistent demands of industry, business, and the hosts of students. The Library is in some danger of becoming too largely an information bureau and workshop, of supplying facts alone.

In the David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room the emphasis is placed upon a kind of reading that is entirely divorced from everyday business and school pursuits. Its appeal is to the reader who wants a good book, not because it will make him a more efficient executive or mechanic, but because it will make him a more understanding and appreciative human being. If the room must proclaim a serious purpose,

it is to aid in living, but not in earning a living.

The spirit of adventure is also carried into the room. To be sure there is a catalogue of the collection, but it is hidden away where it will seldom be

found. The reader who wants a designated book or information upon a specific subject is directed to the Library's regular catalogue and book collection. The David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room is for the reader who has no purpose beyond the finding of a good book to suit his tastes and mood. Here he is invited to look into book after book, reading a bit here and there, and discovering for himself some of the great minds whose thoughts have been preserved in print.

It is a room for leisurely discovery, selection, reading, and reflection.

When the room was opened, November tenth, the book collection contained about three thousand different titles, and, counting duplicates, about four thousand volumes. New books will be added and replacements of worn copies will be made from time to time, and the collection will become much larger. Although no attempt was made to include books in every field of knowledge, the books cover a wide scope. Techni-



DAVID LINDSAY GILLESPIE



cal, business, and other vocational books were intentionally omitted, and the collection is particularly strong in belles-lettres. Every book on the Gillespie shelves will also be found in the Library's regular collections. The primary significance of the new room lies in the selection of some of the best books of all time, displaying them together where they are not obscured by thousands of less worthy volumes, and in surroundings which are conducive to reading.

Those who have battled insomnia by thinking of the books which they would choose for life on a desert island would have enjoyed the meetings at which groups of librarians selected the titles. The first step was to check the standard bibliographies. By starting with Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf and then continuing through many lists of "best books," a thousand or more titles were selected. The Pulitzer and other prize books were considered. It may truly be said that few authorities on book selection were omitted. Finally, each librarian was asked to nominate fifty books for inclusion, drawing both upon her personal favorites and upon her knowledge of the preferences of readers.

There are great libraries containing several millions of volumes, yet after choosing fifteen hundred "best books" one finds himself compelled to compromise with the high standards he has set. This may indeed be fortunate, as an entire library of "best books" might appear a bit heavy, and even those with highly cultivated literary tastes are not always in the mood for a classic. So in addition to the classics and standard titles, the David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room contains many volumes which are simply good books. No apology is offered for the inclusion of Dorothy Parker, Ogden Nash, an occasional detective story, and other books which cater to the lighter side of life.

Only a few books dealing with current events, controversial problems in economics and politics, and the dis-

rupting isms of the day were selected. In its regular collection the Library attempts to cover both sides of every question known to man. The David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room seeks an air of timelessness, ignoring the problems that bulk so large in our thoughts today, but which may prove petty when properly related to the whole sweep of world history. The very atmosphere of the room invites one to dismiss temporarily the cares of the moment and seek inspiration and recreation from the good books which line its walls.

To lend or not to lend was the question which most seriously agitated the Library's staff. Every public library's book collection receives such constant usage that publishers' bindings soon break and the book must be recased in sturdy but unattractive library bindings. As a result, shelves appear uniform, drab, and uninteresting. Here were four thousand new Gillespie books, in their fresh covers of varying colors! The staff shuddered at the thought of their becoming soiled and worn. If not available for loan, however, much of their value would be lost, as few people can spend hour after hour in the library. Every good librarian believes that no obstacle should ever be placed in the way of one who has found the right book and is minded to read it.

The final decision was a compromise. Most of the books may be borrowed for home reading, but several hundred volumes will be held in the room. Many of these are anthologies, dramas, poetry, essays, and other books which need not be read from cover to cover.

This and other decisions are tentative, for the Library must feel its way in this venture. Many colleges and universities maintain collections, usually in what are called browsing rooms, which are similar in character and scope, but their clientele is limited to the faculty and students. So far as is known, no other public library has ever been able to offer to a large city the facilities which the people of Pittsburgh now

enjoy in the David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room.

The pictures now exhibited in the room have been lent by the Department of Fine Arts, and they will be changed from time to time. The vases were lent by the Museum. Through these loans, these two departments join the Library in making the David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room a part of the Carnegie Institute as a whole.

A library within a library, this room will of course bring joy to the confirmed booklover. Far more important, however, is its lure to the unsuspecting person who is first attracted to the room by its beauty and comfort, and then trapped by the engaging books upon the shelves. If the room succeeds in spreading the joyous habit of reading good books for inspiration and recreation, it will forever honor the memory of David Lindsay Gillespie and bring genuine satisfaction to the donors, Mrs. David Lindsay Gillespie and Miss Mabel Lindsay Gillespie.

## CHILDREN AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

**D**URING the month of November almost five thousand boys and girls of school age visited the Carnegie Institute for instruction and appreciation of the fine arts and natural history. A large number of these children come to the Institute at stated times as a part of their regular eighth-grade work in the city schools. Many of the others come from schools outside the city limits, drawn only by a desire for a general understanding of the beauty to be found in our halls.

On Saturday morning special groups meet for instruction, such as the drawing and nature-study classes, these groups being made up of pupils especially chosen for talent in these fields. On Saturday afternoon free moving pictures on science and travel are shown to capacity juvenile audiences in the Carnegie Lecture Hall.

## ROBERT B. HARSHE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

**A**N exhibition of paintings, water colors, and drawings by Robert B. Harshe will open at the Carnegie Institute on December 22 and continue through January 22, 1939. Mr. Harshe, whose untimely death occurred on January 11, 1938, was known to everyone as a great art museum director, but few knew of his ability as an artist. He, however, thought of himself as an artist, first and always; therein, probably, lay the secret both of his understanding of the problems of artists and of his ability to present their works adequately and with appreciation. During his seventeen years as Director of the Art Institute of Chicago he devoted his vacations and week-ends to painting pictures, but the wealth of his imagination and the skill of his brush were revealed for the first time last April, when a memorial exhibition of these works was held at the Art Institute. The exhibition comes very appropriately to the Carnegie Institute, for Mr. Harshe was Assistant Director of Fine Arts from 1916 to 1920, and it was from Pittsburgh that he went to Chicago to begin his brilliant career as Director of the Art Institute. J. O'C. Jr.

## RELIGION FOR STUDENTS

Yale is historically a Christian institution. . . . I believe that we fail in our educational mission if we permit the importance of spiritual factors to be overshadowed by intellectual paganism. It is not easy in this age to discover and to prosecute the processes by which religion shall assume its proper role in the life of the University. But it is necessary that we lose no chance of bringing to the student, whether in formal worship, in social relations, or in the classroom, a consciousness of religious realities. I am happy to pay tribute to the devotion and the wisdom of the University Chaplain, the Reverend Sidney Lovett. . . . He has established close and effective co-operation with the University Christian Association, with the Spiritual Adviser to the Catholic students, and with the Counselor to the Jewish students.

—CHARLES SEYMOUR  
[President of Yale]

We make our fortunes, and we call them fate.  
—LORD BRACONFIELD

## THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER

*A Review of His Book, "Mein Kampf" (Houghton Mifflin Company)*

BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH

WHY does the world hate Adolf Hitler? The answer is an easy one. Because it fears him—fears him, not with anxiety, but with terror. It beholds him in his haughty power on top of the mountain at Berchtesgaden, not like an eagle, in the glory of universal life, but like a vulture, in the fury of universal death. And the world singles him out for its aversion because, while most of the rulers in Europe are guided by a benevolent respect for humane tradition, Mr. Hitler has proven himself to be the only one whose mind is controlled by a baleful malevolence.

In that one dark hour at Munich, when France had mobilized her army, and Britain her navy, and when the people of Paris and of London were digging deep scars across their playgrounds for refuge against the German bombers that were expected that night,\* Mr. Hitler warned the statesmen who were pleading for a tranquil civilization that he would let loose the havoc of war on the whole world in thirty minutes unless they gave him his prey on the instant. And they pacified him as one pacifies a ferocious animal by appeasing its hunger.

So long as the German people permit Mr. Hitler to hold this destructive power over life and death, it is very necessary that the world should learn the nature of his mind, its motivating principles, and its ultimate purposes. In making such a study, it is a fortunate circumstance that the German dictator, in the days of his obscurity and imprisonment, wrote a book in which his entire dream of power and the steps to

gain it are disclosed to all who may read it; and when they read it they will see that what he is doing today is precisely what he planned to do when he was under arrest for treason against the government of President von Hindenburg. Mr. Hitler has found this book to be an embarrassing and culpable piece of evidence, and he has employed every available means to obliterate it, but, like the books that he burned in the streets of Berlin, his own work has gained eternal life, although for a different reason.

During our summer vacation spent on Cape Cod, I read "Mein Kampf" in the English translation entitled, "My Battle," and I am reviewing it here as an acquisition to our Carnegie Library because it gives a true picture of the mind of the world's most dangerous citizen; and in fairness to its author, I shall note the page for every statement that concerns him.

From the first page to the last, hatred is the evil fire that burns in his heart. On page 5 he tells us of his hatred of Austria because the House of Hapsburg is encouraging friendship with that large section of the empire's population known as the Czechs; and here we get his purpose to make himself the future chief and prophet of the German tribe. In achieving this ambition he is going to hate everyone and everything that is not German.

The Jews soon enter his book. He sees them (page 22) in Vienna as enemies of the State; and he names them as they pass him on the street—Austerlitz, Ellenbogen, Adler, David. On page 52 he says: "I hated the motley collection of Czechs, Poles, Hungarians, Ruthenians, Serbs, Croats, and above all, Jews and again Jews." On page 88 he intimates that there were no German Jews

\*"We barely escaped war, by a narrow shave, last month. Chamberlain was actually expecting German bombers over London one night."

—LETTER FROM ONE OF THE MOST EMINENT STATESMEN OF EUROPE, NOVEMBER 11, 1938.

at the front in the Great War, when we know that thousands of them had won the highest decorations for bravery. On page 17 we find a half-admission that he doesn't hate the Jew because he is a Jew, but because he is not a German. "I was oppressed," he says, "by the memory of certain events in the Middle Ages which I would not care to see repeated." He was thinking of the slaughters and expulsions of the Jews from Spain in 1492; and a sense of mercy seems to have swept over his darkened mind. But that was in the beginning of his work, and hatred soon breaks loose on the Jews because they are Jews. On page 25 he says: "Thus did I now believe that I must act in the sense of the Almighty Creator; by defending myself against the Jews, I am fighting for the Lord's work." And yet the Lord created the Jews, guided them through the wilderness, made them his chosen people, and gave the world a Savior from their ranks!

In continuing his discussion of the Austrian question (page 30), he bemoans again the presence of any but the German race; and here we see his mind so narrow in its functions that he is unable to picture a great Austrian empire to be composed of all the neighboring white races, with liberty and equal rights, and with one parliament, which, if directed by merciful men, would have created in Central Europe a government of the highest benevolence to mankind; but even now he had marked Austria for absorption into the German Reich. The foreign races were to be annexed by conquest. "From my earliest youth," he says (at page 5), "I was convinced that Austria's destruction was a necessary condition for the security of the German race."

Mr. Hitler has nothing but contempt for parliaments and parliamentary government (page 39), and he declares (page 41) that "it is not the highest aim of man's existence to maintain a State or government, but rather to conserve its national character." If he tolerates a parliament for Germany it will be only upon this condition (page

187): "But neither Senate nor Chamber will have power to make decisions. Individual members may advise, but never decide." Decision shall be his own prerogative. He is highly offended (page 46) that the Catholic Church should hold a Czech bishop as the spiritual equal of a German bishop.

Germany must have more room to grow in Europe (page 57), and after viewing the geography of that continent he finds that Russia is the only country from which to take it (page 281).

On several occasions (pages 63, 69, 78, and 117) he admits that Germany was culpable in the Great War and that her motive was world conquest: "The struggle of 1914 was not forced on the masses, good Heavens! but was passionately desired by the whole nation." He admires England always (page 65) seemingly because (page 77) he feels her superiority to Germany; and in spite of his hatred of other races he expresses (page 57) great admiration for American strength. But the German nation (page 94) is the chosen of God.

Mr. Hitler believes in peace, but only after "the man at the top," meaning himself (page 121), shall have "conquered and subdued the world to the extent of making himself sole master of it." With this superiority of the individual German in his mind (page 124) he sees that the most traitorous enemy of this Aryan group is that member of the German tribe who by marriage or association mingles with the baser peoples.

He declares (pages 13 and 259) that he will not tolerate workmen's organizations. "The trades-union movement," he says, "grew from being the means for protecting the social rights of men into an instrument for laying national economics in ruins."

His real attitude toward Mr. Mussolini is shown by this significant statement (page 286): "For Germany the course to be adopted is clear. She must never allow two Continental powers to arise in Europe. She must regard any attempt to organize a military power

on her frontiers, even though merely in the form of a State capable of becoming military, as an aggression against Germany, and must consider it not only a right, but a duty to prevent it by every means, even to the extent of taking up arms." That warning to Italy in 1924 was put in substance on March 12, 1938, when his armies secretly stole their way to the Brenner Pass, and the Italian dictator sank into eclipse before the furious star of Adolf Hitler.

His constitutional and unappeasable hatred of France is shown here (page 117): "The solution of the question of Alsace-Lorraine was a half-measure. Instead of brutally once and for all knocking the French hydra on the head, allowing, however, equal rights to the Alsatians, they [his German predecessors] did neither."

But it is when Mr. Hitler takes up the subject of propaganda that he reveals not only his mind but his conscience. He regards propaganda through a controlled press and radio as the greatest aid to dictatorial power. It must be employed continually without regard to the facts: "It was fundamentally wrong," he says (page 78) "when discussing the subject of war-guilt, to suggest that Germany could be counted as partly responsible for the outbreak of that catastrophe; the proper thing would have been to lay the burden of it without cease upon the enemy, even if this did not correspond with the true course of events, as was nevertheless the actual fact."

He insists (page 168) that the German race is Aryan, and that in being such it must treat all others as inferiors. He does not know that the word Aryan applies only to an ancient language, originating in Persia; and if it must be attached to a race, then the Jews are the only Aryans, because it was they who introduced that language into Europe. Max Muller, greatest of all racial students, says on this point: "To me an ethnologist who speaks of an Aryan race, Aryan blood, Aryan eyes and hair, is a great sinner against the ethnologi-

cal facts of history." Nordic is the true racial name for Germans, allowing, of course, for the infiltration of much Mongolian blood into their stock. And when Mr. Mussolini, now playing second fiddle, suddenly cries out for the recognition of the Italian people as Aryans, he, too, is falling into a ridiculous error of fact. The Italians can make a higher claim to race nobility than that, based upon two things: the Roman Empire and the Italian Renaissance.

But Mr. Hitler urges the Germans to emulate his own haughty pre-eminence. "This self-confidence must be cultivated in the younger members of the nation from childhood onwards" (page 168). I wondered, as I marked that last sentence for quotation, whether it is not this destructive teaching of Mr. Hitler's that is turning many of the young men of Germany into hoodlums and inspiring them to attack Catholic churches, to assault Catholic priests, and to put out their tongues at every Jew they encounter.

I find only one place in this revealing book where the prophet of 1924 breaks down in the dictator of 1938, and that is on the question of religion. Let us note the wisdom of this passage (page 48): "A political leader must never meddle with the religious doctrines and institutions of his people, or else he ought not to be a politician, but rather a reformer, if he has the qualities for that." Perhaps, in straying away from that one article of his political testament, Mr. Hitler has laid the fuse that will blow him and the whole structure of his dictatorship into the air, for he says, "Any other attitude would lead to catastrophe, especially in Germany." Yet all Catholics and all Protestants, as such, are feeling the oppressions which follow his destruction of liberty.

But I have permitted the Fuehrer to speak his mind with absolute freedom. And what a mind it is! He has risen to as great a height of power as any man before him ever dreamed of. Is he a permanent force among the world's political rulers? I say No, because all



that his mind contains, as we have examined it in his book, stands against that civilization embracing personal liberty, freedom of choice, of education, of religion, and of peace to which mankind so eagerly aspires.

Let us grant for the sake of the argument, even though it is an untenable ground, that, as dictator of the German State, Mr. Hitler possessed the political right to expel the Jews from that country. What course would a humane and enlightened statesman have pursued? Why, he would have given these distressed objects of his hatred an abundance of time to sell their properties and to go away, taking their money with them into other lands; and he himself would have joined with the other European powers in finding hospitable homes for them before effecting their expulsion. But not Hitler! He communicates his own senseless intolerance to the Gentiles of Germany, oppresses the Jews by every form of cruelty, burns their synagogues, smashes their shops and residences, appropriates their property, steals their money, and then if they do not get out, when as yet they have nowhere to go, he declares that he will starve them, and when they then seize food, he will execute them for their crimes. Such is the iniquity of the man who has written this guilty book!

And he refuses to see—his mind's eye cannot see—that he is accountable to civilization for his offenses against humanity. All these things are being done within the internal confines of Germany, and the outside world is an interloper when it questions his excesses, because Germany is his by right of seizure, and he will have his way, though the heavens fall!

In 1922 Paul Warburg, the Jewish banker, met me by appointment in New York, "to ask a favor." I said, "I will certainly do it if I can." And then Mr. Warburg made this statement: "The German people are feeling the burden of war-guilt. They feel themselves the object of contempt by all the world. They are hanging their heads in hu-

miliation. All effort and initiative are deadened by this inexorable penalty of the Great War. It was the Kaiser and his military group who have made the War; and they are at last displaced and living in a condemned obscurity. And now, will you write a letter to the New York Times appealing to the American people for sympathy for this down-fallen nation?"

I was deeply moved by Mr. Warburg's request. "But," I said, "I cannot do that. It would be futile. We are too close to the War. We have too many dead men, too many cripples in our young chivalry, too many widows and orphans, too much loss of spiritual values, too much loss of everything that is precious in life, Mr. Warburg, for me to do that. Let the German people show the world a proper sense of penitence, of humility, of sorrow for an inexcusable crime, and it will not be necessary for anyone to write to the newspapers in their behalf."

Twelve years later, while no power on earth dreamed of attacking her, Germany was rearming, against the solemn restrictions of the peace treaty. And today she is rampant and alive, and prepared to follow Mr. Hitler and his Four Horsemen into that path of war, pestilence, famine, and death which he has forecast so mercilessly in his book. The empire which he dreamed of in 1924 is now established as the most aggressive and the most abhorrent institution in Europe. The things which he declared he would do he has done. But nothing in his policy touches the ruthless and brutal savagery with which he is persecuting the Jews—a policy which has deluged the earth with tears, and stamps him as the most atrocious of all the tyrants who have desecrated the world. Even here in America we cry out with those who suffer more immediately from his minatory arrogance—"How long, O Lord, how long!" If the German people do not soon unseat him, banish him, and resolve themselves into a peaceable community, then the long arm of retribution will strike him

—and them!—from another quarter. It is an axiom that England always wins the last battle; and if the Four-Power Pact is indeed only an artifice to gain time for a defensive armament, France—yes, and Italy—and the smaller powers of the East will be found moving together with Great Britain for liberation and peace against this man's declaration of blood and death and hell. The family of nations cannot otherwise exist.

The world hates Adolf Hitler because it fears him; it knows that there can be no tranquility while he rules Germany; it accounts him the public enemy of civilization, always holding a gun in his hand; and every night when men gather their families about them for sleep, they lie in wretched wakefulness lest the Vulture and his birds of prey will fly over their habitations and do them to death in the darkness.

## POPULAR PRIZE PICTURE

*Frederick J. Waugh Wins for Fifth Time in Succession*

THE Popular Prize in the 1938 International was awarded to "Pounding Surf," a marine picture by Frederick J. Waugh, American artist of Provincetown, Massachusetts, who wins this year for the fifth successive time. The awarding of this prize of \$200, offered by the Fine Arts Committee of the Carnegie Institute, is the result of the balloting of every visitor to the Exhibition for a two-week period during the show. "Pounding Surf" was presented to the Carnegie Institute by Mr. Waugh in the autumn and was reproduced in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE in November, 1938.

The painting is a characteristic Waugh seascape done in a wider color range than is usual in his paintings and distinguished by his brilliant technique.

The closest competitors of the Waugh painting in the order of preference were: "The Amateur" by Luigi Lucioni (American), "That Which I Should Have Done, I Did Not Do" by Ivan Le Lorraine Albright (American), "The Sampler" by Leonard Campbell-Taylor (English), "Popol in the Kitchen" by José de Togores (Spanish), "Nudes in Landscape" by W. Schuhmacher (Dutch), "Forest of Versailles" by Gert Wollheim (German), "Miss Curigen Lewis as Jane Eyre" by Harold Knight (English), "Winter" by Mau-

rice de Vlaminck (French), "Alicia" by Eugene Speicher (American), "Erosion No. 2—Mother Earth Laid Bare" by Alexander Hogue (American), "Fruit—Logan Street" by Samuel Rosenberg (American), and "Lilies" by Peter Blume (American). Thus the popular approval, as indicated by this year's voting, extended to paintings by artists from six different nations. Of the paintings that received awards from the International jury, the second-prize winner, "Winter" by Maurice de Vlaminck, proved the most popular.

The Popular Prize has been awarded each year since 1924. Malcolm Parcell was the winner that year and again in 1925. Other winners were Leopold Seyffert in 1926, Gari Melchers in 1927, Edmund C. Tarbell in 1928, James Chapin in 1929, Leopold Seyffert for the second time in 1930, Alessandro Pomi in 1931, Daniel Garber in 1933, and Frederick J. Waugh in 1934, 1935, 1936, and 1937.

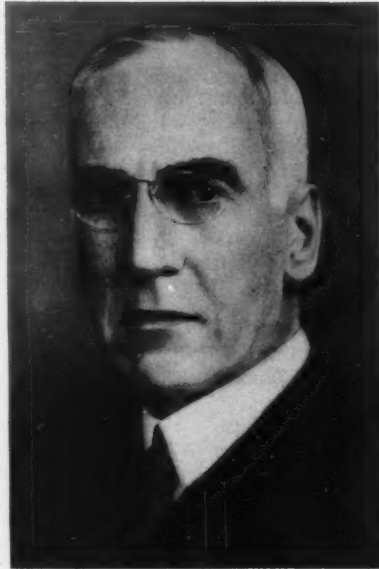
The ballots cast in the Popular Prize voting were counted by a committee of three, composed of Frederic C. Clayter, President of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh; Willard N. James, Manager of the Bureau of News and Publications, Carnegie Institute of Technology; and Charles B. Saints, Director of the Gulf Gallery, Pittsburgh. J. O'C. JR.

## THE DEATH OF JUDGE MACFARLANE

**J**AMES R. MACFARLANE, whose death occurred on December 2, 1938, was born in Towanda, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, eighty years ago. After attending the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute, he completed his schooling at Princeton University, returned to Towanda for the completion of his law studies, and was admitted to practice at the bar in Pittsburgh in 1881, where he then established his permanent residence.

The just and logical nature of his mind admirably fitted him for the bench, and in 1903 he was elected a common pleas judge, commending himself so far to the confidence and esteem of the community that he was twice re-elected, and would have been chosen for indefinite succession had he not preferred at last to retire from the arduous and exacting work, when he had attained the position of President Judge.

But Judge Macfarlane's merits as a citizen were of too high a quality to permit him to enjoy any real leisure; and upon relinquishing his active connection with bench and bar, he was elected a member of the Pittsburgh Board of Public Education, a position which delighted him as both useful and congenial in bringing him into contact with the educational system of the community. In discharging this task he did not stop with the formal discussions of the Board, but was happy



HON. JAMES R. MACFARLANE

to follow up his work there by frequent visits to the schools, where he could observe the results springing from the relations of teachers and pupils in all grades of their work.

Judge Macfarlane was elected a trustee of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology on May 10, 1905; and this position gave him the opportunity for an enduring and unselfish service in the administration of a great philanthropy. From time to time he was a member of important com-

mittees, the Museum Committee and the Technical School Committee holding him from the beginning in their steady work, where his scientific studies and his educational experience gave great interest and value to his counsel as a trustee. He always advocated the expenditure of time for conference, and he was never so well satisfied as when the Board of Trustees chose to spend a full evening for the consideration of its affairs. On such occasions he was the first to enter into the analysis of ideas that would promote progress.

Judge Macfarlane was a man of deep spiritual conviction, of broad intelligence, of devoted civic energy, a good companion and a good friend; and in recording their sense of loss, the trustees wish to convey to his family an expression of profound sympathy in their bereavement.



## THE GARDEN OF GOLD



LAST year the United Engineering and Foundry Company subscribed \$15,000 toward the Carnegie Institute of Technology's Endowment Fund of \$4,000,000, which will be met by the Carnegie Corporation of New York with \$8,000,000, on the basis of two dollars from them for one from our side until the sum of \$12,000,000 is collected by 1946. The first payment of \$5,000 was made last year, and now these generous friends have paid the final \$10,000, the income of which goes on forever for the advancement of technical education in our great school at Pittsburgh. This gift of \$15,000 assumes an immediate value of \$45,000 by reason of the two-for-one arrangement described above, and that is why we call this department the Garden of Gold. Everyone who gives from one dollar up to one million dollars will be giving in triple quantity. For example, a gift of \$1,000,000 would be \$3,000,000 in 1946, plus its interest.

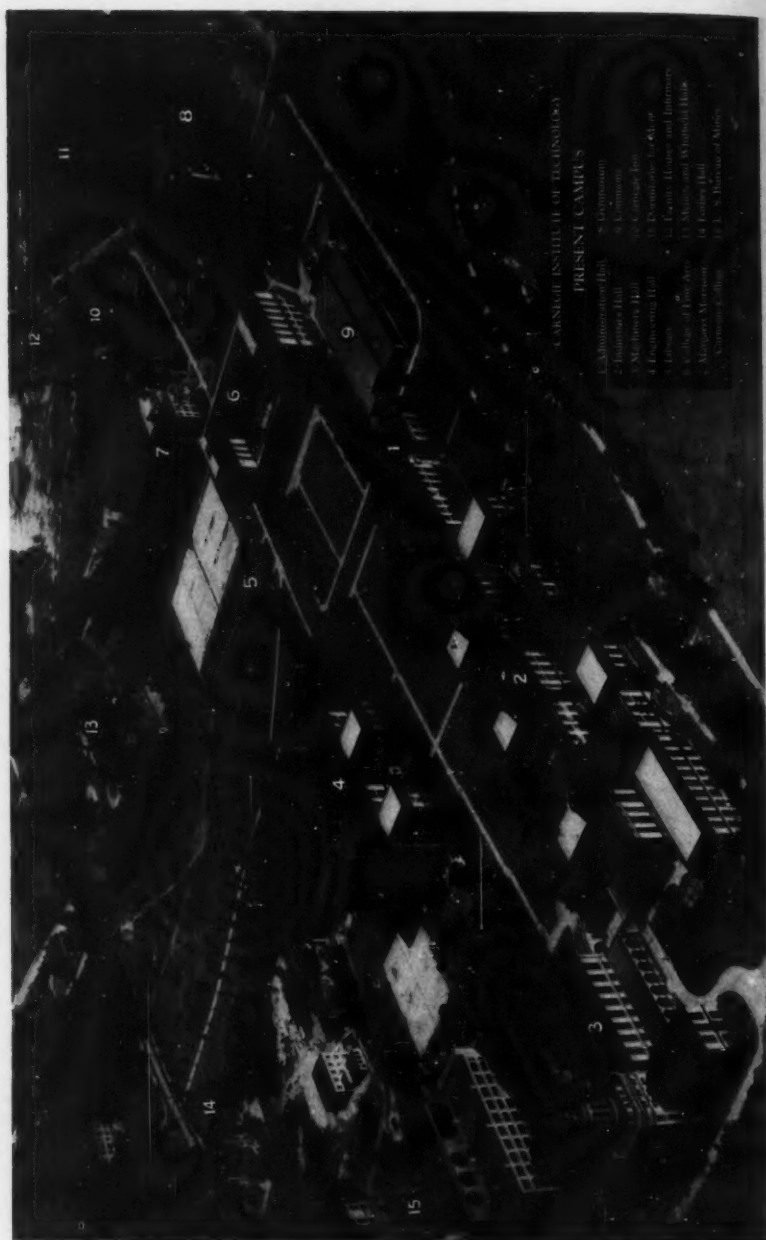
Then comes a noble gift of \$2,500 from the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company for the support of the Theodore Ahrens Professorship in Plumbing, Heating, and Ventilating—a chair that has been as useful in improving the health and comfort of householders throughout the United States as any other accessory in modern education. The young men who go out from Carnegie Tech with this special training seem to have no difficulty in establishing themselves in a remunerative profession; and they not only bring credit upon our school, but they are eager ambassadors in introducing the magnificent and complete equipment of the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company into the homes of the American people.

Next comes the Day Student Council with a collection of \$198.04 for the Students Activities Building, and that sum,

too, goes to Carnegie Tech Endowment Fund, becoming \$594.12 under this magic formula of 1946, where we get two for one. It is of course well understood that one third of our \$4,000,000, as in this case, may be in buildings.

And then comes a group of fifty-four alumni, who altogether have contributed \$382.50 through the Alumni Federation to the 1946 Endowment Fund. This multiplies itself up to \$1,194.50 in 1946. The names of these contributors follow: G. Stanley Adams, Charles L. Altschul, J. S. Ambrose, A. R. V. Arellano, C. E. Beedle, Joseph Berno, Dorothy Harlow Bevens, J. E. Borland, Bernard J. Brown, J. F. Chalupa, J. S. Charles, Ann Dickinson Corns, Dorothy Douglas, Edward E. Duff Jr., John L. Elliott, Sylvia Fierst, William Finkel, Tydfil Jones Fix, William C. Fox, J. A. Garber, James A. Gates, Harold N. Gemmill, Bess Sharpley Gurley, Whitney S. Hammett, Ruth Dawson Hug, R. H. Humbert, Arthur B. Kemper, J. J. Laudig, Samuel Lebon, I. H. Lundgren, Bruce H. Lytle, Edna Sellers McDougall, Marie E. Metzger, Roger D. Middlekauff, Mary Louise Milligan, Barbara Endres Newton, Clarence Overend, Julius J. Palmisano, Ruth Helen Reiss, Lawrence D. Rigdon, A. W. Rinehart, Matilda Bodycombe Sarraf, Eleanora L. Schomberg, James F. Simpson, Lawrence E. Smith, Joseph W. Stratemeier, M. Stubnitz, Edythe A. Tenney, D. L. Trautman, Charlotte Watson Trautman, Beatrice Shirk Vance, Milton S. Wadsworth, Jonathan S. White, and W. A. Wills.

The Carnegie Institute must not be forgotten, and in the past few days a most interesting interview was held concerning a bequest. Although such things are not to be made known in detail, it is comforting and encouraging to learn from these confidential communications that the Carnegie Institute



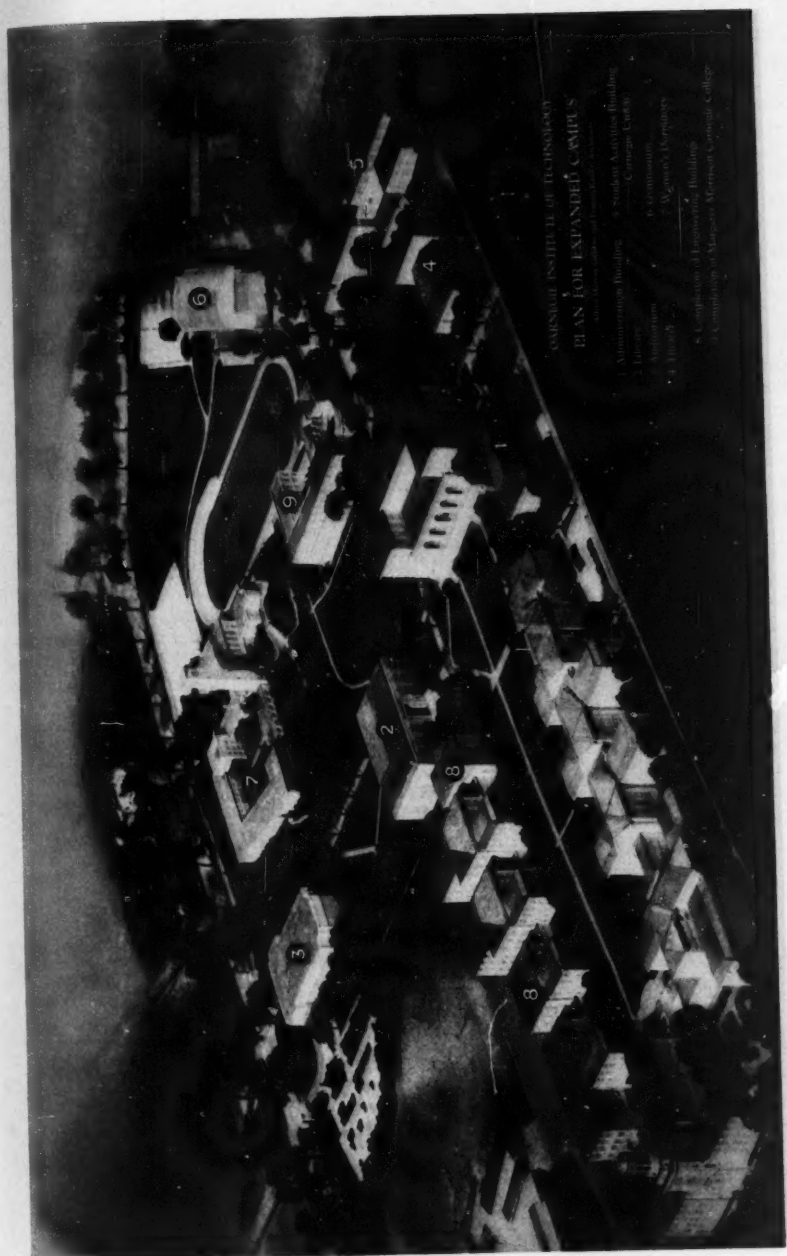
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

PRESENT CAMPUS

- 1 Administration Hall
- 2 Industries Hall
- 3 McPeters Hall
- 4 Engineering Hall
- 5 Library
- 6 Page & Fine Arts
- 7 Margaret Morrison
- 8 Gymnasium
- 9 Commons
- 10 Carnegie Law
- 11 Administration 1-4, 6, 7
- 12 Faculty Houses and Institute
- 13 Music and Workshop Hall
- 14 Lecture Hall
- 15 University of Mines

PRESENT CAMPUS





PLANS FOR EXPANDED CAMPUS

has this deep seat in the hearts of the people.

In the Carnegie Library we are announcing the beautiful gift of a reading room—the most comfortable browsing room in the world—as a memorial to David Lindsay Gillespie. Ralph Munn is describing this generous gift on another page. To me it recalls a lifetime friendship.

Lin Gillespie and I were boys together in the old Second Ward public school at Ross Street and Second Avenue. There was a teacher there who was very fond of using the rod; if to spare the rod would spoil the boy neither of us was ever spoiled. This instrument of punishment was a long rattan with a loop at one end for her hand, and she had learned to give it a long swing with grace and elegance. In the middle of the week the teacher would make this announcement: "Children, we shall have a spelling match next Friday afternoon, and if one of you stupid mortals misses a single word, you will wish that you had never been born!" Lin Gillespie and I were pretty sure to be spelled down, and at the conclusion of the match we were called to her desk, and that long rattan came down on the palms of our hands—swish!—twenty times apiece, until we nearly did wish that we had never been born. That's the way they treated school children in those days. That woman followed Byron's advice literally:

"Oh ye, who teach the ingenious youth of nations,

Of Holland, France, America, and Spain,  
I pray ye, flog them upon all occasions—  
It mends their morals, never mind the pain."

Well, Mr. Gillespie grew up to be a great business man, and to hold a dominating position in everything that promoted the welfare of Pittsburgh. He was actively interested in the kind of politics that make for good government; and his path and mine ran together again when we were both chosen delegates to the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1904, occupying adjoining rooms in the hotel.

In the summer time in these later years we spent our vacations at the same resort on Cape Cod and his last game of golf was played with me there, his daughter Mabel walking over the course with us on that occasion.

He was one of the most charitable men that our city ever produced, and there was no limit to the things that he planned and executed for the relief of those whose fortunes were less prosperous than his own. To know him was to know one of Nature's noblemen, and this beautiful browsing room, created by his wife and his daughter as a memorial to him in the Carnegie Library, giving literary pleasure and stimulation to all those who love to read their books in a good setting, is just the thing that he would himself have loved to establish.

Adding these gifts of \$10,000, \$2,500, \$198.04, and \$382.50 to the amount of \$2,769,160.28, the total reported in the Magazine for last month, the totals for the carrying on of the work of our institution are as follows: for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,237,255.99; for the Carnegie Library, \$21,822.50; and for Carnegie Tech, \$1,523,162.33; or a grand total of \$2,782,240.82. On what date shall we pass the \$3,000,000 gift mark, think you?

## FREE LECTURES

[Illustrated]

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT 2:15

LECTURE HALL

### DECEMBER

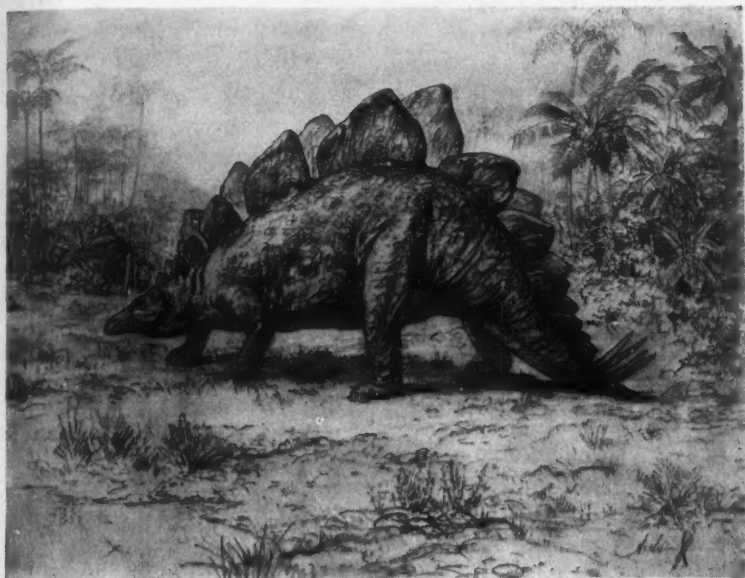
- 18—"The Search for the Congo Peacock," by James P. Chapin, Associate Curator, Department of Ornithology, American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

### JANUARY

- 8—"Finland," by James Sawders, former Pittsburgher, world traveler and lecturer on travel.  
15—"Our Fascinating Southwest," by Major Sawders.  
22—"Wandering Through Central America," by Horace G. Richards, paleontologist and research associate, New Jersey State Museum, Trenton.

## LABOR FOR AN END

There is no price too dear to pay for perfection.  
—ANDREW CARNEGIE



LIFE RESTORATION OF THE STEGOSAURUS BY A. AVINOFF

## THE ROOFED LIZARD

*A Robust Giant of the Past That Roamed the West in the Mesozoic Era*

THE colossal figures of prehistoric animals on exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904 and again at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933 and 1934 were a source of curiosity, wonder, and awe to the Lilliputian man of the twentieth century. An entire world, which up to this new era had been common knowledge only to paleontologists and other students of the life that inhabited the earth during the vast periods of time before man's existence, was telescoped into general public interest by an actual sight of these creatures—if not in the flesh, at any rate ingeniously and felicitously simulated. In this way modern advertising serves to stimulate a popular interest in scientific knowledge. For, with the innate curiosity that is so inseparably a part of man's nature,

inquisitive observers who heretofore had rarely given the subject a passing thought, sought museums and libraries to see and read about the authentic sources from which the animated models were created.

On that day in 1898 when Andrew Carnegie expressed his wish to the late W. J. Holland that a representative collection of the extinct animals of the past should be assembled in the Carnegie Museum, a new stimulus was lent to the study of prehistoric vertebrates. Other museums had previously made marked progress in investigating and exhuming various specimens, but it remained for Mr. Carnegie's vision to impart that crystallizing impetus that was to have repercussions throughout the scientific world.

The following year, when the field

studies were rewarded by the discovery of the first complete skeleton of a *Diplodocus* in block clay in Wyoming. Dr. Holland named this type specimen *Diplodocus carnegiei* in honor of the patron and from it replicas now in museums all over the world were later made.

The dinosaurs used in the Chicago World's Fair exhibit represent only a few—six in all—of the more familiar ones that lived during prehistoric ages. Of the several thousand distinct species of these scaly or armored air-breathing reptiles already discovered, some walked on all four legs and others upright on their hind legs. The *Apatosaurus*—deceitful lizard—was one of the best known of the four-legged group. It stands beside the *Diplodocus* in the Hall of Paleontology in the Carnegie Museum and was made the topic of a narrative by Charles W. Gilmore, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology at the United States National Museum, in the June, 1936, *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*.

Presenting probably as weird an appearance as any of the dinosaurs, and causing as much public comment both in St. Louis and Chicago, was the *Stegosaurus* pictured in Dr. Avinoff's imaginative drawing based on scientific research that accompanies this article. Inquiring visitors who wish to investigate it in more detail will find its initial parts, which precede the installation of the whole, on display in the same gallery as the *Diplodocus*. This queer reptile flourished perhaps more than one hundred million years before a model of its grotesque body became one of the sights of a modern fair ground.

The stages of evolution attained by fossil animals determine the age of the rocks in which they are found. To make reckoning easier, the geologic time has been divided into five major parts, called eras. These eras in turn are broken up into periods. Thus the era in which the reptiles flourished was called the Mesozoic era. The term Mesozoic is derived from the Greek

words "middle of life" to indicate its position as the era intervening between the Paleozoic, ancient-life-era, and the Cenozoic, recent-life-era. The periods into which the Mesozoic fell are: first, the Triassic, referring to the tripartite or triple division of the rocks of that period in Germany; second, the Jurassic, taken from the Jura Mountains between France and Switzerland, in which the strata are excellently displayed; and third, the Cretaceous, so called from the chalk deposits pertaining to the formation in Western Europe. The relationship of these eras and periods to each other is particularly well illustrated in the chart that appeared in the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* for March, 1938.

The Mesozoic era has often been called the Age of Reptiles, and rightly so, because there were very few birds in this ancient world and no mammals except very small ones not unlike our opossum. It may well be called, also, the Age of Dinosaurs because it was during this period, lasting more than an eon of geological time, that the dinosaurs tramped the earth. Nearly world-wide in distribution, their remains are especially numerous and well preserved in some of the states in our own Far West. During their evolution this group of vertebrates developed rapidly into a number of such highly specialized types that it excites the imagination to realize that they form one related group of animals. Great awkward beasts eighty feet in length—the largest land animals that ever lived—belong to the same group as little creatures no larger than a rabbit. Somewhere between these two extremes fall the *Stegosauria* or armored dinosaurs, all of which were quadrupedal, and all characterized by a peculiar dermal armor that sets them apart from the others.

If one could imagine a dragon in reality, the form of the *Stegosaurus* might well serve as a perfect example. The roofed lizard—for that is what his name means—was an awkward angular brute, not large compared with the



EXCAVATING IN THE DINOSAUR QUARRY

Apatosaurus but with proportions just as exaggerated. Its small head, short front legs, and short tail pulled it down at both ends, causing the irregular armament of broad, upstanding, dermal plates rising massively along its spine and terminating in four spikes near the end of its tail to arch disproportionately in the center. This armament, properly terrifying to modern eyes, was the Stegosaurus' only means of self-preservation and defense in a world of creatures often three times its size. The tail, armed with its bristling spines more than two feet long, must have served as a fairly effective clublike weapon that discouraged the attacks of its enemies.

Each age with its attendant struggle for existence has left man and his vertebrate friends and enemies a shade more intelligent. In Mesozoic times, when the Stegosaurus roamed the swampy courses of Jurassic rivers in Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming, strength and tenacity alone enabled it to survive. Despite its bulk—the Stegosaurus was twenty-five feet long and must have had at least the robust weight of the largest of living elephants—its skull shows a brain space no larger than that of a kitten three weeks old! Perhaps that is why the Dinosauria, including the

bizarre and fantastic animal whose name shows that he belongs to this group—dinosaur, terrible lizard; Stegosaurus, roofed lizard—reached an evolutionary cul-de-sac and were removed by Nature from an ever changing world.

During the years since Mr. Carnegie initiated the Carnegie Museum collection, its Department of Vertebrate Paleontology has furthered popular and scientific knowledge of a whole host of prehistoric vertebrates both by original research in the laboratories in Pittsburgh and by the investigation of fossil quarries in the West.

Research in the dinosaur quarry, a point about five thousand feet above sea level in the eastern extension of the Uinta Mountain range, has been particularly profitable, yielding remarkable specimens—whole skeletons of animals, rather than the fragments hitherto uncovered—of the life of the Age of Reptiles. It is in this colorful region of northeastern Utah that the most recent, and probably the greatest, consequence of Mr. Carnegie's interest may soon be produced, that is, a carved cliff-picture of dinosaur bones, dating primarily from Jurassic times, that will be a resurrection of a whole mass of saurian fossils when it is completed.

In 1909 Earl Douglass, pioneer pale-



ontologist at the Carnegie Museum, discovered this deposit—the richest ever found—and took from it *Apatosaurus*, the gigantic sauropod mentioned above, which is seventy-five feet long. This skeleton was almost complete—caught in death, it had preserved exceedingly well—and in excavating it, other specimens in just as perfect a state were uncovered. During the next thirteen years over three hundred skeletons and parts of skeletons comprising three hundred and fifty tons, or about seven hundred thousand pounds, were removed, often containing some great and unexpected discovery of totally new genera. In fact, seven entirely new species were found, and are the basis of the unequalled collection of fossil dinosaurs at the Carnegie Institute today.

In 1915 President Wilson, at the request of Dr. Holland, then Director of the Carnegie Museum, set aside an area of eighty acres embracing the quarry, named it the Dinosaur National Monument, and placed it under the National Park Service. This action made paleontological exploration easier, and the Carnegie Institute carried on its extensive active work in the quarry until 1923. At that time the deposits had barely been touched, even though so many fine skeletons and fragments had been withdrawn. It is thought that the deposit had been, *cons ago*, a stream bed and the dinosaurs are buried in this stratum. When the mountains were heaved up, the channels of the stream were turned up, also, so that there are probably countless other specimens yet to be recovered.

With this idea in mind the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the State of Utah, and the Park Service have banded together to work out a project whereby these many dinosaurs still imbedded may be displayed in their own strata for further public education and enlightenment. One of the smaller areas in the National Park Service, this ground when it has been prepared for public use will con-

tain by far the most remarkable exhibition of skeletal remains in the world. A prehistoric mural in a position that everyone can see is to be chiselled out of the rocky cliff, and dinosaurs' skeletons, just as Nature left them, are to be carved out of the rock of ages in high relief, in order to reconstruct the life of that vanished age. The deposit is to be exposed by removing the superimposed rock, and it will show skeletons of the largest of the sauropods mingled with the skeletons of powerful but smaller flesh-eating dinosaurs, the heavily armored forms like the *Stegosaurus*, and the smaller birdlike reptiles. The stratum has not been disturbed other than being thrust up at a steep angle of sixty-five degrees during some stage in the earth's evolution, and the unusual accumulation and quality of the specimens indicates that the display will be unequalled.

## CARNEGIE DAY

THE twenty-sixth annual observance of Carnegie Day in celebration of the birthday of the founder, Andrew Carnegie, was held in Carnegie Music Hall Tuesday morning, November 22. Professor John Erskine, noted author and lecturer who is conducting the music-appreciation course mentioned in the October CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, spoke on the subject "Adventure."

President Doherty awarded scholarship cups to Tau Delta Phi fraternity, Gamma Gamma Gamma sorority, Henderson Hall, men's dormitory, and Whitfield Hall, women's dormitory. The three honorary organizations having the highest scholastic averages were permitted to make their annual call to membership. Phi Kappa Phi, national scholastic honorary, called thirty-eight members of the senior class and ten faculty members. Tau Beta Pi, national honorary in engineering, called ten seniors and three juniors. The third honorary to make a call was Sigma Alpha Iota, national honorary in music, which pledged twelve women students.



## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing Gogol's "The Inspector-General"

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

*Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology*



ALL writers on Russian literature seem to be agreed as to the importance of Gogol's "The Inspector-General." "The greatest of all Russian comedies"; "A product which from the point of view of characterization and dramatic technique is almost flawless"; "In England it takes nearly all that is implied in the comprehensive name of Shakespeare to give the sense of bigness that a Russian gets from the mention of 'The Inspector-General'"; "There are no scenes to which the word better can be applied because none of them is inferior to the best"—these are some of the estimates of this comedy which has held the Russian stage for over a century. First appearing in print in 1836, it has been translated into every European language including Esperanto. Gogol's English translators generally sound the warning, however, that his work, more than that of any other Russian writer, loses in translation and can only be fully appreciated by those who understand the language in which it is written. This may be the reason why "The Inspector-General" when read or performed in English seems to fall somewhat below the absolute perfection that critics who have the good fortune to understand Russian claim for it.

The plot, which is founded on a personal experience of Gogol's friend, the poet, Pushkin, is not a complicated one. A rumor has spread in a little provincial

town that an inspector is being sent incognito from headquarters to investigate the city government. The mayor, the judge, the school inspector, the postmaster, and all the other officials are in a great state of trepidation, for they are well aware that their administration will not bear investigation. A petty government clerk from St. Petersburg, who has lost what little money he had gambling, is staying at the local inn, staving off as long as possible the evil day when he must either pay his bill or be arrested for debt. The town officials get it into their heads that he is the dreaded investigator. He is fêted by the town, makes love to the mayor's wife and daughter, and receives all the bribes destined to propitiate the real inspector, finally leaving town laden with gifts and money. The officials are congratulating themselves on the success of their scheme when a messenger enters announcing the arrival of the real Inspector-General.

Gogol's earlier comedies had been pure funmaking, but it is impossible not to see under the farcical proceedings of "The Inspector-General" the author's righteous anger and serious satirical intent. In an interesting passage in his "Confessions" the author tells us: "In my writings—before 'The Inspector-General'—I laughed vainly, for nothing, myself not knowing why. If I was to laugh then it was better for me to laugh at things that were really to be laughed at. In 'The Inspector-General' I resolved to gather together all that was bad in Russia into one heap, all the injustice that was practiced in those places and in those human relations in which more than anything justice is demanded of men, and to have

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one big laugh over it all." This attack on Russian bureaucracy—or rather on the method in which it was administered, for Gogol does not criticize the system itself—created an uproar on its appearance. Prominent personages felt themselves attacked, and the author was assailed as a bad patriot, a traitor to Holy Russia, and a dealer in subversive ideas. Although the public, from the Czar down, continued to applaud the comedy, things were made so uncomfortable for the author that he made up his mind to leave Russia.

Of the present performance, I feel quite incompetent to speak. Mr. Hickman, who directed "The Inspector-General," played it as stylized comedy, a genre of which I have no more understanding than I have of musical comedy. I am incapable of telling whether a musical comedy is good or bad. I don't know the standards and I feel just as helpless before stylized comedy. The harlequinade and the commedia dell'arte, had I seen them in their palmy days, would probably have left me equally cold. I can get some pleasure out of pretty scenery and costumes, and incidental music and dancing where they occur, but never out of the comedy

itself. I deplore my inability to appreciate a method which today has such fervent admirers—but there it is! Personally this performance of "The Inspector-General" gave me no pleasure at all, but whether it was good or bad or just middling, I do not pretend to judge.

The maximum of speed and noise seemed to me to be reached in the beginning of the first act and maintained without relaxation all through the play, and I found it rather wearing. Not that the young actors did a bad job; indeed I imagine they did a good one. Those artificial movements and excessive gestures that are supposed by the admirers of stylized comedy to "transcend realism" were executed with a precision that the famous Ritz brothers of the moving pictures might well approve.

I am aware that the Soviet theater is accustomed to play this celebrated comedy in an even more fantastic manner—I have seen photographs of productions in which the characters only remotely resembled human beings—but I cannot help thinking that Gogol's satire on municipal corruption in his day, which is not without parallels in ours, loses by this stylized method of



SCENE FROM "THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL"—STUDENT PLAYERS

OTTO AUSTIN

production. The characters are so far removed from normal that what they do or say leaves us indifferent. It is possible that the comedy values may be heightened, and it cannot be denied that Gogol frequently uses the technique of farce rather than that of comedy—there are a Tweedledum and Tweedledee couple called Dobchinsky and Bobchinsky, for instance—but to me even farce is more telling played seriously and with a straight face.

The actors carried out their directions with competence and the performance was smooth and brisk—oh, how brisk! The leading part, that of the false inspector, was played with ease and skill and a good deal of impudent gaiety. Gogol prefaces the printed play with "directions for the actors," and, in describing the character, writes: "The more naïveté and ingenuousness the actor puts into this character, the better will he sustain the role." Our inspector was neither naïve nor ingenuous, but played the part as one of those suave gentleman-rogues out of Restoration comedy; but he played it well. The mayor's bouncing and vulgar wife was played with zest and I caught a few fleeting glimpses of reality in the acting of the rather impossible postmaster.

Mr. Weninger's setting of the mayor's living-room was amusingly hideous, and the costumes had lots of color and variety, though they did not particularly suggest the kind of dress that might be worn by ordinary provincial Russians of the year 1836.

## THE 1939 INTERNATIONAL

ONE International Exhibition hardly closes before plans for the next one are made. This procedure has been followed since 1896, and notwithstanding the New York World's Fair and the Golden Gate Exposition in San Francisco, 1939 is no exception. The International—the thirty-seventh in the history of the Carnegie Institute—will be held as usual, opening on October 19, and continuing through December 10.

## RADIO PROGRAMS

CONTINUING the precedent set in 1930, and followed each year since then, the Carnegie Institute will be on the air weekly with fifteen-minute radio talks over local stations. This year the series "From the Home of the Muses—the Old and the New" is being presented over KDKA each Saturday afternoon from 2:45 to 3:00 P.M., an earlier hour than in previous years, in order to attract a larger audience. Staff members of the Carnegie Museum and the Department of Fine Arts will give these informative talks, dramatized in some cases by students of the Department of Drama of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. The broadcasts will be concerned mainly with the contrast of "The Old and the New" both in natural history and art; and this will be the subject of Dr. Jennings' opening address on December 10. The talks during the next few weeks will be given as follows:

### DECEMBER

- 17—"To Hudson Bay for Seal and Walrus," by J. Kenneth Doutr, Curator of Mammalogy, Carnegie Museum.
- 24—"The Picture in the Window," by Mrs. Anna Marshall McCracken, Docent, Department of Fine Arts.
- 31—Title to be announced of talk by Stanley T. Brooks, Curator of Recent Invertebrates, Carnegie Museum.

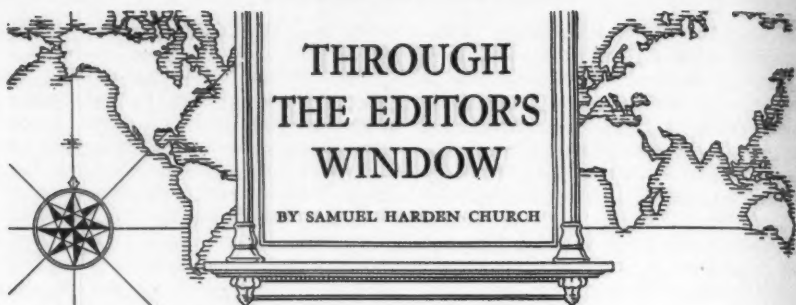
### JANUARY

- 7—"The Tundra Speaks," by Arthur C. Twomey, Assistant and Field Collector, Section of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum.

### A PHILOSOPHER ON PEACE

There are three prime conditions of lasting peace: General prevalence of popular or democratic governments; the outworking of world institutions to administer law and preserve peace; and a vast growth of goodwill and understanding. We see clear indications that the first two break down unless beneath them and all through them is the third, which is the underlying essential—the prevalence of a world brotherly spirit. For laws and governments and institutions of order are secure and powerful when they rest upon a great common body of accepted principles, ideals, and convictions; in short, upon a world point of view as opposed to a self, or local, or even a short-sighted national point of view.

—IMMANUEL KANT, 1795



### IS AMERICA A SYNTHETIC NATION?

AFTER the World War the most baffling difficulty that the treaty-makers at Versailles encountered was to reconstruct the geography of Europe so as to recognize the right of self-determination for the various races in the Near East, and at the same time provide protection for minority groups in each of the new states thus created. It was a baffling difficulty because it was based on a false and impossible theory. In each geographical demarcation so laid out at Versailles, the nationalism of from six to twelve racial groups opposed itself against the consolidation of all these races into one spiritual population. The first objective of these racial unions should have been the obliteration of those ancient tribal distinctions which had for centuries frustrated men from building a true state-wide structure on a one-family foundation. And so the Treaty of Versailles gave us those provisions for the insistence upon the equal rights of racial minorities as racial minorities which have merely tended to create rivalry and discontent among them, against the prosperity, happiness, and welfare of all. The very names that were chosen at Versailles for these new states showed that they were racial consolidations and not brotherhood absorptions; and it is questionable whether the men who made the Treaty did not in fact sow the seeds of ultimate decay when they failed to ordain that minorities should henceforth be extinguished

through the higher ideal of equality in the new nations.

The inevitable conclusion of a study of these synthetic experiments in evolving new statehoods in Europe will be that they cannot succeed in the search for happiness where racial divisions exist in opposition to a spiritual union that bases its existence upon the brotherhood of men.

Is America developing a synthetic nationalism? The investigations before the Congressional committee at Washington would seem to indicate that we are approaching that danger. It has been shown there that many of the people who come to America in order to get away from oppressive conditions in their native lands—else why would they come here?—bring with them the racial prejudices that even now divide European states into warring communities where hatred is the substitute for friendship. In some cases it has been demonstrated that racial groups have declared their unalterable purpose of retaining their nomenclature of origin, and that they have established camps where they fly the flag of their former country above the flag of the United States. The physical impropriety of this act, while in itself a grave misdemeanor, is not so destructive to our national solidarity as are the moral implications which in the conduct of such men degrade their new citizenship by withholding from it the devotion that its dedication to universal freedom deserves.

Out of the mouths of these men, who,



whether naturalized or not, are in all cases guests within the sheltering hospitality of the United States, come immediate and constant demands for a change in the structure of the American form of government; and they have in too many cases formed themselves into groups demanding Fascism, Socialism, and, all too frequently, Communism, when these oppressive institutions are the very things that forced them to flee from their own countries, and ask admittance into ours.

It is high time that the people of America—those who in their hearts and souls are Americans—should deny the hospitality of our shores to men who would promote these destructive forces. When such men are unmasked, even though they may have been nationalized, their immediate deportation should follow.

And let us put away forever every form of hyphenated Americanism. Do we ever hear of our people who take citizenship in foreign countries designating themselves as American-Germans, or American-Italians, or American-Poles? Never for an instant. Such divisive patriotism would not be tolerated in those lands. Nor should it be here. When our new citizens presume to hyphenate their citizenship, they are not Americans at all, and will not be until they abandon in their hearts, as required by the oath of citizenship, their allegiance to every foreign principality and power, and the further use of its flag. We want a spiritual union with all these guests of ours, for without that we are nothing but an assembly of unrelated races, inevitably full of discontents and disloyalties.

One thing more we must redeem, in building up this ever fresh and ever young America, and that is religion. We have had it through all our history, and it began with our own beginning. Washington, in the Farewell Address, told us: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." It seems, some-

times, that we have lost them both. We must regain them or perish. Here, too, there should be a spiritual union in religion. Let it take what forms it will, as children of God, our individual rights and obligations are the same.

#### FOUNDER'S DAY AND THE FLAG

THE dressing of the Music Hall platform for the celebration of Founder's Day has always called for the best resources of the florist and the decorator; and one of the most attractive features of this work is the grouping of the flags of all the nations whose painters contribute their pictures to the annual exhibition. These flags are shown on standards placed one foot apart at the rear of the platform, with the American flag at the center on a standard higher than all the rest.

On this last celebration the flags conformed to this order; but at the conclusion of the exercises a man from the audience made the complaint, on behalf of a patriotic society, that we had violated the rules concerning our flag, in having placed it in the center, when its correct position required it to be at the right of all the other flags. He was asked to state what law there was on the subject, and, as a lawyer, replied that there was no law covering the point at issue, but that there were recommendations to that effect from certain patriotic organizations.

As his criticism seemed to be utterly unreasonable and against common sense, a letter describing the whole incident was written to the Secretary of War, and in due time a reply was received from Major General E. S. Adams, the Adjutant General of the United States Army, containing this information:

"While it is within the province of the War Department to prescribe rules and regulations governing the use of the flag for observance within the Army, yet it is beyond its province to prescribe any such rules or regulations for the guidance of civilians or to undertake to

decide questions concerning this subject that are presented by civilians.

"On Flag Day, June 14, 1923, representatives of over sixty-eight patriotic organizations met in Washington for a conference under the auspices of the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion, to draft an authentic code of flag etiquette. The rules adopted by this conference represent the opinion of the patriotic organizations represented at this conference and other patriotic organizations which have since adopted this code."

And then, although, as our critic said, there is no law on the subject of how the flag shall be displayed, the chief rule that was adopted on that occasion, for recommendation only, reads as follows:

"When a number of flags of states or cities or pennants of societies are grouped and displayed from staffs with the flag of the United States of America, the latter should be at the center or at the highest point of the group."

Now, the conclusions derived from this correspondence are these:

1. There is no law governing the display of our flag, and Congress has always refused to make such a law.
2. The so-called rules adopted by patriotic societies have no force except as recommendations.
3. The recommendation that our flag should be placed at the center and on a higher standard than the others has always been observed here, and the flag was in that position when the criticism was made.

And so the incident closes. But one who listened to the censure of our esteemed critic remarked that if these patriotic societies keep on multiplying their own views into orders concerning the use of the flag, under rules that have no force at law, there is danger that it will tend to make unthinking people grow careless and lose their devotion to it as the emblem of liberty. Let the flag be ever free, but ever at the center of the world as we always display it here.

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